

# The TATLER

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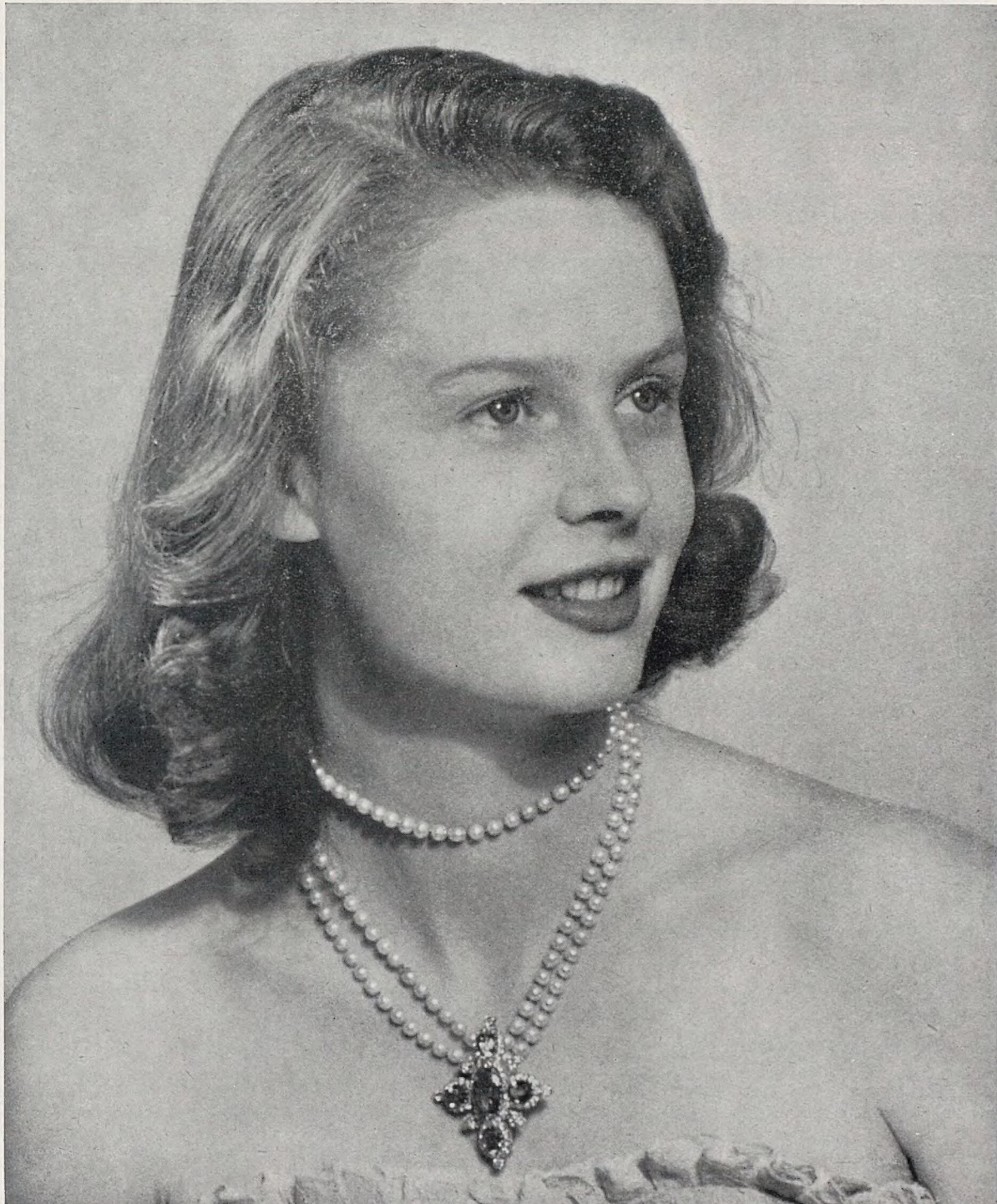
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THE  
**TATLER**  
and BYSTANDER

LONDON  
APRIL 28, 1948

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Fayer

**THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND**, formerly Miss Anne Cumming Bell of Edgerton, Huddersfield, married the Duke, who is the tenth holder of the title, in 1946. They live at Belvoir Castle, near Grantham, with their daughter, Lady Charlotte Manners, who was born last year. The Duke, who is a captain in the Grenadier Guards, and Joint-Master of the Belvoir Hunt, succeeded his father in 1940. Besides Belvoir Castle, he also owns Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire





## Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

**T**HIS is the week that London dedicates by tradition to the art of laying paint on canvas.

The run of newspapers, blithely ignoring the native arts for the other fifty-one weeks, will be apt, after the Private View on Friday, to reproduce one or more conventional Royal Academy canvases—sometimes captioning them "Picture of the Year—?", at others boldly dropping the query.

The "picture of the year" formula is a naïve one, and frowned on by the more conscientious Academy painters. A surrealist like Salvador Dali has made a fortune by following the formula, painting a pair of corsets, an opera hat, half an ape's skull, an eyeless blonde, and calling the mess "Sunset 231."

Successful problem-painters of Victorian days would paint a man in a frock-coat (a doctor?), a smiling woman (just widowed?), a child with a broken doll (the orphan?), a half-open door, and, calling it "Sunrise?", might be sure that it stood well in the running as a Picture of the Year.

If this seems to imply disrespect on my part for the Royal Academy, I should like to correct such an impression. I have great envy, admiration and fondness for painters. They are likely to prove so much more interesting than their work. Often the worst painters have the most fascinating personalities.

So little of the old West End life is left that the Academy deserves our respect for keeping to its rich plush traditions.

**B**IGGEST change is in the people who now-a-days attend the Private View. Once it was the scene of the first parade of the spring fashions and marked the opening of the London "season." The late Lady Alexander, widow of Sir George Alexander, always respected this tradition to the end (she died only a year or so ago), and used to turn up on the annual Fridays as if on her way to a 1907 garden party—parasol, feathers and beauty-spot complete.

I always liked seeing the conventional Academicians on these days, holding their court in the vicinity of their most exciting pictures. There always seemed at least one

statuesque figure in morning coat and top hat (these were never removed in the old Academy) who turned out to be a water-colourist specializing in miniature flower pictures.

A few years before the war I stood behind an elderly, rather bent figure wearing a soft black hat and admiring Augustus John's dashing portrait of Lord D'Abernon in his robes of the Order of the Bath. It was full-length and had a glittering truculence about it that would have served well an Elizabethan adventurer—which D'Abernon probably was at heart. Then the elderly man turned and I saw, with something of a shock, that he had been looking at his own portrait.

Meetings such as this have always been a happy feature of Private View days.

Just how much "art" there is in an Academy is anyone's guess and certainly not a subject to be bandied about in this page.

The point is that there is plenty of paint—and paint is what this country badly needs.

**I** CAME upon as fine a piece of painting as I have seen for many a day a week or so ago in Hampshire.

The flexibility of its design, as they say, its gloss and lustre, the intensity of its chromatic conception—indeed, I have never seen a more splendid merry-go-round in any fair.

It was a good fair. It even had a boxing-booth, with a splendid picture of what appeared to be Gentleman Jim Corbett doing justice to John L. Sullivan on one side, and possibly Tom Cribb knocking the lights out of a giant Negro on the other. But the ring inside the booth was at the moment empty.

The things that were attracting most attention were those that made the greatest noise, as long as the noise was mechanical. A long queue of the youth of Britain stood waiting its turn for a machine that sounded like a thousand and one crashing car gears, and in whose gyrating tubs I should think few fighter pilots would be able long to preserve their dignity and manhood.

Anyone with luck and the eye of an Annie Oakley should have been able at this fair to furnish at least a prefabricated house, such was the opulence of the "swag" offered as prizes. The manufacture of this "swag" is, if not one of the major, at least one of the most intriguing British industries, and certainly one of the few specializing in the home market.

**B**UT the merry-go-round was the pride and centre of the show—at least as far as I was concerned.

It represented the very essence of showmanship: music, colour, movement and an irresistible sense of gaiety. The painting of this sumptuous outfit must have occupied the owner's family all winter.

The music alone held us enthralled, for it came, as it should, by way of a steam organ which allows one to see the music in process of fabrication; and two of us closed our eyes and guessed the same thing. Paris on the Boulevard de Clichy during the fairing season!

At the end of our circuit of the merry-go-round we got to the point where we could see the maker's name: a Monsieur So-and-so of Paris. A *carrousel*, after all!

(I felt that one who would have enjoyed this particular masterpiece was the old warhorse Charles B. Cochran, upon whom I once came unawares as he stood on Blackpool front, his nostrils quivering keenly, not with the strength of the ozone but with the rich breath of showmanship all around him.)

"Why can't we have fairs like this in dull old London?" asked one of the party.

The only answer was: why not?

But where?

Paris has provided itself with many large spaces, often ugly enough when unfilled, but we have spent the centuries jamming ourselves up, and now that the Consolidated Cement & Potato Corporation has come to Piccadilly and Kozy Kitchen Komforts Ltd. to Belgrave Square the tangle is getting worse. So where?





It would have to be an overall August or September plan, and not just one fairground, which would be promptly overrun by every spivvish character between the Golders and Bethnal greens. The Admiralty would doubtless welcome it with open arms on the Horse Guards Parade, and there are several stretches of Civil Servicedom where the tedium of office life would be relieved by more relaxation than queueing for buns and sausage rolls now offers.

In the wide spaces now left near London's traditional fairing ground in Cheapside? In the tractless depths of South Kensington? Perhaps in Rotten Row, which is rather a large area of central London to give over to the few people now riding there?

OTHER pieces of painting in a traditional English manner came our way, coming back from the fair.

Justice has not until recently been done to the various schools of inn-sign painting in England. Just before the war there was a determined effort to encourage modern contributions, but, in my opinion, most of these signs were not improved by having the brewer's name plastered at the top of the sign: atop the "Ordinary Fellow," "Cardinal's Error" or "Spyglass and Kettle."

One talks idly of the lack of picturesque colour in English life, in comparison with even the dour but kilted Scots. And truly the price of industrialization is one for which we are paying to-day, and will pay for many years ahead until we all realize that the world we make around us is a happier one if we make it look nice.

No picturesque colour in ordinary England? Think of the "Trip to Jerusalem," the "Saracen's Head," "St. Catherine's Wheel," the "Startled Saint," the "Goat and Compasses" and ponder on their origin, and, if the landlord should not know, report him to his brewers!

One of the most enterprising of such has just added to its valuable library another volume\* dealing with the whole subject of inns in England.

Not all the signs reproduced in this book have the piquancy of the one attributed to William Hogarth, which shows a comely wench astride the shoulders of a miserable man with a watery face—he appears to be a functionary, a chancellor or something of the kind, for he is pointing to his chain of office—while in the background is apparently his establishment busy at work: "S. Cripps. Pawn Broker."

The sign is *circa* A.D. 1748.

MANY of the traditional inn-signs are corruptions; as are so many of the most picturesque English surnames, disappointingly so, in many cases. That "St. Catherine's Wheel" I have mentioned you will see again as the "Cat and the Wheel," a Puritan version.

THE TATLER has been outspoken about some of these tendencies.

"Many a man has lost his way and his dinner by this general want of skill in orthography," we have said before now. "For considering that the paintings are usually so very bad that you cannot know the anima under whose sign you are to live that day, how must the stranger be misled if it is wrong-spelled as well as ill-painted?"

We said this about 1750, and I trust that my colleague, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, will say it even more forcibly if ever we find any tampering with one of the few reminders that our roads, up hill and down dale, sideways and back again, are still the King's highway.

\* *Inn-Signia*: Whitbread & Co., 5s. net.

## MAY

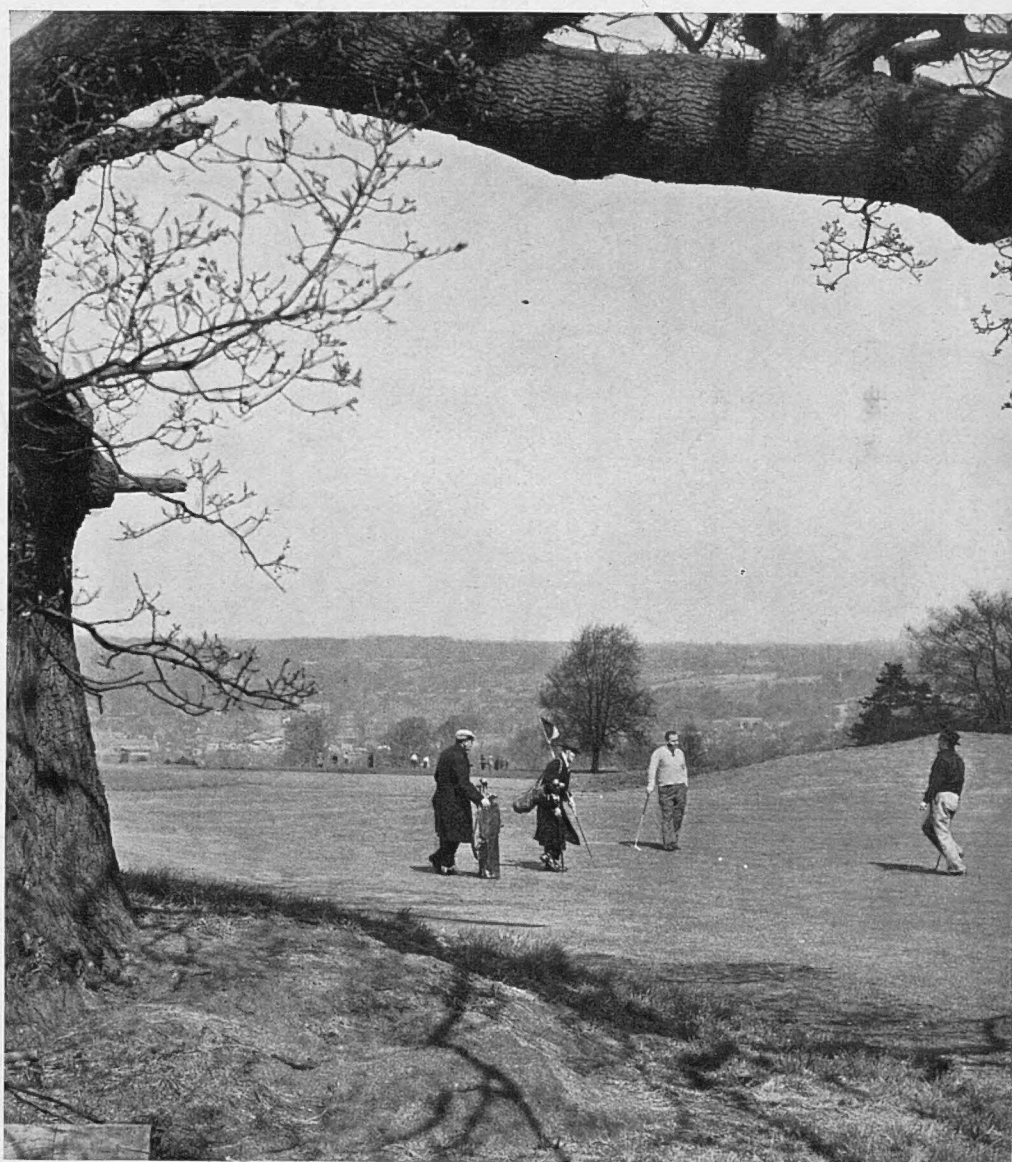
I have nothing to say that is gay  
About May  
In a way that could claim to be new:  
The subject's been had—I can add  
Nothing glad,  
Not a word both romantic and true.  
Not one of these phrases that praises  
The daisies  
But raises a surfeited groan;  
There ought to be curbs on these blurbs  
About herbs  
And there would, if the choice were my own.

If I had the call I would stall  
All this squall—  
This appalling "Spring Calling!" farrago:  
I would write of the deeds of the weeds,  
Not the seeds,  
With a Ho!—for the hoe and lumbago.  
I would tell of the floods that make duds  
Of the spuds;  
Of the buds that the dicky-birds savaged;  
I would weep at the cost of the frost,  
When I lost  
What tomatoes the blight hadn't ravaged.

No, I don't see the cause for applause  
When the laws  
Of the season insist on rheumatics;  
When the usual drill is a chill,  
Can one still  
If one's ill, fill the bill with ecstasies?  
And I *wouldn't* rejoice; but the voice  
With the choice  
Is the Editor's—I merely follow;  
Though there's this—at the worst,  
If I first quenched the thirst  
I could certainly welcome the swallow.



—Justin Richardson



THE STAGE GOLF SOCIETY recently had a most enjoyable meeting on the Moor Park, Herts, course with a team of top-rank professionals led by Arthur Havers, of Moor Park, as non-playing captain. The Stage team, led by Mr. Arthur Lucas, lost gallantly to the professionals by 1½ to 3½. Mr. Leslie Banks and James Adams are seen in play during their match, which Adams won by 2 and 1





King John (Robert Helpmann) and some female relations: left, his mother Queen Elinor, and sister-in-law Constance (Ailsa Grahame and Ena Burrill); right, his niece Blanch (Claire Bloom)

Anthony Cookman  
with Tom Titt

# At the Theatre

A New Stratford  
Festival

COMPLAINT has been made that Stratford should have opened its summer-long festival with *King John*—a history which readers excusably find tedious. Sir Barry Jackson, whose directorship regrettably ends with the new season, in this matter, as in some other, knows better than his critics what purposes the festival should serve.

It is not for a theatre dedicated to Shakespeare to ring the changes on a few plays of proved popularity. At Stratford, if nowhere else, short shrift should be given the notion that our greatest poet-dramatist is sometimes a great bore, that there are things about him to be hushed up and that it should be taken for granted that some of his plays which don't happen to read well are therefore not worth the trouble of staging. I have, I think, at one time or another, seen all Shakespeare's plays acted, with the exception of the blood-and-thunder *Titus Andronicus*, and I will go to the stake for it that they are all, for one reason or another, deserving of a place on the Stratford stage.

And especially *King John*. Of all the plays this is, perhaps, the most insistent in its demands for a stage. It is the lack of a central character, of any great psychological subtlety, which makes it dissatisfied with print. Staging gives point and colour to its political and dynastic argument, and the drama is found to spring, not indeed from the character of men, but from the character of nations.

Out of mutterings and unrest the spirit of England is seen to be awakening; opposite her stands France in a clash of interests which is to have repercussions through the ages; Protestantism flares forth defiance at the power of Rome; and through the criss-cross of argument may be traced Shakespeare's passionate belief, reflecting the general Elizabethan fear of chaos, that there is no form of government so bad as weak government and that no price is too high to pay for national unity.

On the stage all this becomes an exciting business, puzzling as it may remain that the heroic spokesman for Protestantism and England should be the murderous John. The loyalty to him of that much better spokesman, Faulconbridge, makes Shakespeare's political point that kingship is more than kings, measures more than men, but only by doing violence to the romantic grain of our minds. Mr. Michael Benthall's production yet wants the smoothness that may come by the time that the festival is in full swing. It is already exciting.

The playing is in general good, though nowhere distinguished. Mr. Robert Helpmann's John is a careful but not a very revealing portrait. He is intended to make the superficial slyness of the man picturesque without going deeper into the complexities of a mind in which some actors have

discussed the special kind of rottenness belonging to the decadent and the epicure. Yet the reading is never inadequate, and Mr. Helpmann brings off superbly the scene in which John draws upon himself the curses of the Papal Legate and that in which he obliquely makes his murderous intentions clear to Hubert. Much is hoped from Mr. Anthony Quayle at this festival; but his Faulconbridge seems to me just to miss the humorous edge which Shakespeare is still in process of learning how to put on the heroic. Still, the Bastard is a man above all else, and Mr. Quayle makes him one.

CONSTANCE, the mother moved by grief to wild and whirling words, offers Miss Ena Burrill chances to act in the grand manner, and she takes them with more subtlety than grandeur. Mr. John Kidd is gentle, musical and reasonable as Cardinal Pandulpho, and Master Timothy Harley, taking over little Arthur from the girl players, fully justifies himself in the baleful glow of the iron-heating fire. Mr. William Squire and Miss Claire Bloom both win personal credit from tiny parts.

In sum, a reasonably good beginning to a festival which is to bring into action a company stronger than any Stratford has known for some years.



Incident Before Angiers: The warlike Bastard (Anthony Quayle) supports the faltering King John (Robert Helpmann) in his dispute with the French King (Paul Scofield). The Archduke of Austria (Harold Kasket) approves King John's willingness to go halves while Queen Elinor deploras it. In the background is the Bastard's half-brother, Robert Faulconbridge (Noel William), while the young Arthur (Timothy Harley) plucks pleadingly at King John's cloak



# HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.  
HAMLET, son to the late, and nephew to the present king.  
POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.  
HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.  
LAERTES, son to Polonius.  
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC, A GENTLEMAN, A PRIEST, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, a soldier.

REYNOLDO, servant to Polonius.  
PLAYERS.  
TWO CLOWNS, grave-diggers.  
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.  
A CAPTAIN.  
ENGLISH AMBASSADORS.  
GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.  
OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.  
LORDS, LADIES, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, SAILORS, MESSENGERS, and other attendants.  
GHOST of Hamlet's father.

SCENE—Denmark.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Elsinore. A platform before the castle.  
FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.  
Who's there?  
FRANCISCO.  
Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.  
BERNARDO.  
Long live the king!  
FRANCISCO.  
Bernardo?  
He.  
FRANCISCO.  
You come most carefully upon your hour.  
BERNARDO.  
'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.  
FRANCISCO.  
For this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.  
BERNARDO.  
Have you had quiet guard?  
FRANCISCO.  
Not a mouse stirring.  
BERNARDO.  
Well, good night.  
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.  
FRANCISCO.  
I think I hear them.—Stand ho, Who's there?  
Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.  
HORATIO.  
Friends to this ground.  
MARCELLUS.  
Give you good

Who hath here  
Give you good  
What, is Horatio there?  
HORATIO.  
Welcome, if you  
What, has  
I have seen  
Locals  
And will  
Touch  
The  
With  
That  
Hence

## HAMLET

Doth make the night that should be day,  
Who is't that can inform me?

HORATIO.

That child,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,  
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Ham-

let—  
For so this side of our known world esteem'd

him—  
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands

Which he stood seiz'd of to the conqueror;  
Against the which, a moiety competent

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant,  
And carriage of the article design'd,

His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,  
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,  
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,

For food and diet to some enterprise  
That hath a stomach in't, which is no other—

As it doth well appear unto our state—  
But to recover of us, by strong hand

And terms compulsative, those foretold lands  
So by his father lost; and this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations,  
The source of this our watch, and the chief head

Of this post-haste and ramage in the land.  
BERNARDO.

I think it be no other but 'en so:  
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure

Comes armed through our watch; so like the king  
That was and is the question of these wars.

HORATIO.  
A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse;

And even the like precure of fierce events—  
As harbingers preceding still the fates,

And prologue to the omen coming on—  
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

Unto our climatures and countrymen—  
But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!

Enter GHOST again.  
T'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me:  
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which happily foreknowing may avoid,  
O, speak!

But if thou hast upboared in thy life

ROBERT HELPMANN, who is one of the two Hamlets at Stratford-on-Avon this season, is seen dressed for the part—the players wear costumes of the Victorian period. Hamlet is no new character to Mr. Helpmann, who has danced the rôle many times with Sadler's Wells ballet, and also played it at the New Theatre in 1944 with the Old Vic company. He also takes the title rôle in *King John*, reviewed opposite, at Stratford. Others in the Festival company this year, which is Sir Barry Jackson's last season as Director of the Memorial Theatre, are Diana Wynyard, Godfrey Tearle and Ena Burrill.

Devised and Photographed by Angus McBean

COMPLETE  
WORKS OF  
SHAKESPEARE



Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations  
by Hoffnung]

# At The Pictures

## The True Glamour

ONE film's wit this week makes all the rest seem still more crude and silly than perhaps they are; one star's radiance turns all others into pale or painted puppets. The film is the eight-year-old *Ninotchka*, revived at last—now that the Russians have made themselves ridiculous enough to become again a legitimate laughing-stock from Rome to Leicester Square—at the Ritz; the star is Greta Garbo, in her first comedy and last great film.

Through a variety of happenings, the passage of time has in this case added point and piquancy to every facet of the film. After eight years it is a salutary relief to laugh at Soviet methods and most of us will be much more acutely appreciative of the sharply satirized tactics of Iranoff, Buljanoff and Kopalski (one of whom looks disarmingly like Molotov), members of a Soviet mission to Paris, whose bourgeois dallying in the royal suite leads to the dispatch from Moscow of a stern lady comrade as plenipotentiary extraordinary. Those eight years have seen the death of Ernst Lubitsch, whose name as a director had become synonymous with polish and satire. *Ninotchka* was also his last masterpiece, and seems now the most freshly gay, most topical and most romantically mellow of all his brilliant jests. Above all, in those eight years Greta Garbo has apparently retired and a whole generation grown up who have never seen this star of stars.

WITHOUT exaggeration I can say that my first sight of Garbo, almost twenty years ago, in *The Single Standard* was to change the course of my existence by convincing me that a medium which could create, or re-create, a single thing of Garbo's quality must be worthy of serious consideration. I remember, a few months later, coming out of the first New York performance of her first talkie, *Anna Christie*, with an English actor who turned, oblivious of the Broadway traffic, to say fatuously: "I'd do anything in the world for a woman who can look like that in a mackintosh." Only a few months ago, a staid, immaculate young Harley Street surgeon who politely talked pictures to me likewise confessed: "I don't go very often to the cinema, but I'd swim across the Channel to see Greta Garbo."

It is not necessary to share such ardour to recognize that to film fans and connoisseurs, to scoffers and admirers alike, the name of Garbo stands as the symbol and epitome of a film star's glamour. At a recent discussion on film taste, somebody asked: "Is all this glamour really necessary?" By glamour, the questioner meant that synthesis of hair-style, make-up, plastic surgery and publicity which film studios often pass off as the real thing.

So far has a good old Scots word become debased. But there is a perfectly good word, though the dictionaries may call it corrupt, to describe the "magic or enchantment" whose possessors, from Helen of Troy to Mary Queen of Scots, have bewitched the centuries. That is the spell Garbo casts on the screen.

Is Garbo also an actress, can she really act? Ask her detractors. It would be easier to give a straight answer if there were two distinct words to describe stage acting and film acting. Garbo has never, to my knowledge, tried to act on the stage, and I can well believe that she would have no idea how to set about it. I can also believe that she would be incapable of giving a realistic character performance under a lot of false hair and fish-skin. But I know no other film actress who so extracts the pith of a part, the essence of a character; that inmost individuality for which Gerard Manley Hopkins coined his special word "inscape."

All acting that is more than mimicry must be the interpretation of a part in terms of the actor's style and personality; and if Garbo had played the real life part of Madame Curie which was at one time designed for her she would, I am convinced, have answered all questions about her acting triumphantly and conclusively.

Peter Noble lately published a bouquet to Bette Davis. His book (Skelton Robinson, 8s. 6d.), among a miscellany of interviews, reviews, casts, illustrations, throws some light on the effort it has cost this strictly intellectual actress to impose her own stage technique on the screen and to triumph in spite of, rather than through, her natural attributes. Garbo is at the opposite extreme; the supreme exponent of pure film acting, an art of conscious co-operation with the camera, an art whose basic material must be a face with which the camera can play.

Nobody can be a singer without a voice (however maltreated); nobody can be the camera's ideal actress without the right kind of face. There is a classic mask of tragedy; a classic ballerina's mask. I believe Garbo's face to be the classic cinema mask. One American critic wrote of its "epic bone structure." On my shelves are two German books: one a slim but serious study called *Die Göttliche Garbo*, published in 1930, the other, *Ein Wunder in Bildern*, a handsome collection of one hundred or so pages of camera "stills" of that one face.

The mask is not enough. Other faces of similar bone structure have flashed across the screen:



Hepburn, Dietrich, Bergman, Frances Farmer, Beatrix Lehmann, all in their time raised hopes. None developed Garbo's range and power of illuminating the mask with the human mind and spirit behind it, the technique less of expressing or aping emotion than of revealing, and allowing the camera to reveal, the secrets of the imagination. That is what I call pure film acting, and, if it be accepted, Garbo is as unquestionably the supreme mistress of her trade as Kirsten Flagstad is of hers, or as Argentina, the Spanish dancer, and Yvette Guilbert, the great diseuse, were of theirs.

Whatever the answer, no argument over Art or Genius in the cinema is ever exhaustive without mention of Garbo. Impossible to guess a new generation's reactions to her, but anybody young enough to be seeing her for the first time as *Ninotchka* is in some ways to be envied. For the puritanical envoy extraordinary is Garbo in plain clothes, a setting that shows off her serenity and radiance—as well as her grave, mocking humour—to perfection. The career woman whose cold Art is thawed by love is one of the cinema's stock Aunt Sallies in which almost every great star has had to take a turn. None has surely ever thawed as exquisitely, as subtly and tenderly, as Garbo's *Ninotchka*, when the doctrinaire's "sympathetic chemical reaction" dissolves in love like the combined snows of Sweden and Siberia at the first touch of the Northern sun.

Ever since reissues came into their own I have been hoping for *Ninotchka*. Now let M-G-M give us a Garbo season including *Camille*, *Marie Walewska*, *Queen Christina*, *Anna Christie* and *Anna Karenina*.

THE also-rans of the week plod pedestrianwise behind. *Broken Journey* at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion is, however, an efficient and very tolerable British version of a too-familiar formula: the mixed company stranded together by shipwreck or, as here, planewreck on an Alpine glacier. Every ingredient is as prescribed: one hysterical woman, a shady character or two, an assortment of British heroes, a comic and cowardly foreigner, a patient in an iron lung, a sprinkling of tragedy, and two nice girls, one of them played with pleasing honesty and disregard for synthetic glamour by Phyllis Calvert. The only mild surprises are Francis Sullivan's funny though cruel caricature of an Italian tenor and the performance of James Donald, a young actor whose previous work I do not remember but whose simple sincerity is the very stuff of film acting. No seasoning of subtlety or originality has been introduced, but Kenneth Annakin has directed with a firm hand and taken advantage of the Alpine setting.

Nothing but the most puritanical professional conscience and devotion to critical duty could have kept me in my seat beyond the first quarter of an hour of *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*. It is never even funny.

## CHRISTINE NORDEN

is one of Sir Alexander Korda's talented new finds. Her first picture for London Films was *Night Beat*, in which she was very successful as a glamorous night club singer, and following this she played Mrs. Marchmont in *An Ideal Husband*, and the attractive vamp, Barbara Edge in *Mine Own Executioner* directed by Anthony Kimmins. Miss Norden, who is twenty-three, blonde and green-eyed, is of British and Norwegian extraction. She began her career during the war, with E.N.S.A., singing and also playing a variety of comedy and straight rôles. Later she played the lead in the Archie de Bear production of *Tell the World*, which ran on tour for eighteen months. Her chance in films came when she accidentally met a Hollywood cameraman serving in the U.S. Army, who saw her in a cinema queue, took some photographs of her and sent them to Sir Alexander Korda who was very impressed. After an extensive film test she was promptly signed up on a joint contract for London Films and M-G-M British.





Photographed by Baron. Backdrop by Vasco Lazzolo



*George Bilainkin*

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



*Señora Pepita Calderón de Lozano Agudelo, wife of the Colombian Chargé d'Affaires*

But this capital of a State of 10,000,000 inhabitants, with an area ten times that of England and Wales, is of interest for other reasons too, since here not only gold and silver, platinum, oil and coffee reputed to be the best in the world are found in plenty, but also prize emeralds, bananas and sugar.

KNOWN for 300 years as New Granada, when it included neighbouring States now independent, Colombia had not, until a few weeks ago, had a revolution since 1902, when, following differences with the U.S.A. over the construction of the Panama Canal zone, Panama seceded, becoming independent. There are probably more air lines in mountainous Colombia than in any other country, for travel by trains, river and road, between capitals, provinces and beauty spots, is difficult.

For nearly a year and a half Colombia has not had her Ambassador in London, the mission being under the control of the Chargé d'Affaires *ad interim*, Señor Alfredo Lozano Agudelo, aged forty-five, native of Honda in the State of Tolima, a coffee and cattle centre in the plains by Bogota. From the local school Alfredo, one of eight children in a coffee planter's home, went to the Institute of Lasalle, Bogota, and a year after entering the Military College was selected as "the distinguished cadet." At Eastman's business college in the United States he pleased his father by securing the diploma in business administration. Thence he went to the Warton School of Finance, in Philadelphia, where he met Colombia's new Minister in Washington, Dr. E. Olaya Herrera. Here he consented to become the envoy's secretary, studied diplomacy in the evenings at college and secured a post as Attaché.

In 1930 Olaya became President and Lozano his Private Secretary, the power behind the throne. The term of office was notable for the conclusion, with the help of the League of Nations, of the dispute with Peru over territory which had disturbed relations for a century. For seven or eight months the President and Secretary worked till late at night, and succeeded in turning the quarrel from an ugly course.

THE succeeding President appointed Lozano as Consul-General in Canada. Five years later, while preparing to sail in the *Athenia* for Europe and Vienna, he was told to go as Assistant Consul-General to New York instead. The *Athenia* was sunk on the return journey. In 1941 Lozano was promoted Consul-General, concerned with 2000 Colombian students, artisans, workers, tourists. In 1942 he became Governor of Tolima, which has 1,000,000 inhabitants in an area of 9000 square miles, where he built 456 schools, for 20 to 250 children.

Colombia cancelled her trade treaty with us in 1938 because of the unfavourable balance, but, in view of Britain's economic situation, has not carried the decree into effect. She sent us coffee worth £471,000 in 1947 and bought from us machinery and other goods to the value of £3,731,000. Respect is there!

BOGOTA, the 400-years-old "Athens of South America," where civil war, bloodshed and burning have suddenly aroused world notoriety, has more bookshops than cafés and restaurants. In this Colombian capital urgent discussions of interest to all Latin America, to the British Commonwealth and to the world, have been proceeding 9000 ft. above sea-level. The talks included the examination of claims by Guatemala, by Argentina and Chile against British Honduras, the British Falkland Isles and Antarctica.



*Señor Neri, Attaché at the Uruguayan Embassy, and Señorita Maria Lucrecia Diez de Medina*



*Señorita Barrios and H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, Señor Dr. Don Ricardo de Labougle*

## Reception at the Chilean Embassy



*Señor Don Luis Cabana, Counsellor to the Venezuelan Embassy, with Señor Francisco Cueva, Secretary to the Mexican Embassy, and his wife*



*M. Jean Aghion talking to Countess Bobinsky and Count Bobinsky*



*Mme. Rosita Serrano, the famous Chilean singer, for whom the reception was given, and Roudolph Spira, the Viennese musician*



*Mr. Charles Parnell and his wife with Señorita Subercaseux, daughter of the Counsellor to the Chilean Embassy*



*Mrs. Walter Payne and Sir Eugen Millington-Drake, chairman of the Reception Committee for the Olympic Games*





The bride and bridegroom, the Hon. Diana Berry, youngest daughter of Viscount Camrose, and Mr. William Perine Macauley, with their attendants, Valerie Scott, Lady Juliet Smith (nieces of the bride), Emma Laycock and Tanya Alexander. Mr. Macauley is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Macauley, of 47, Grosvenor Square, W. The wedding took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, and a reception was held at the Dorchester

## Wedding of the Hon. Diana Berry



Miss K. Stanley and Mr. W. Smyth-Osbourne were among the guests



The Hon. Marigold Fitzalan-Howard and Miss Margaret Meade-Newman



The bride's parents, Viscount and Viscountess Camrose, with Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill



Capt. R. Llewellyn and his sister-in-law, Lady Gloria Fisher, who is a daughter of the Earl of Lisburne



Lord Brabazon of Tara and Sir Alan Herbert, M.P., who were also among the guests



The Earl of Birkenhead and his brother-in-law, the Hon. Seymour Berry, who is Viscount Camrose's son and heir





St. James's Palace was the scene of a recent committee meeting for the St. John Exhibition and Fair, which the Queen is to open at the Palace on May 3rd. Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale is addressing the meeting and beside her are (right to left) Mrs. Phyllis M. Hopkins, Mrs. Miller Moore, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke (chairman), Mrs. Atlee, Lady Dunbar-Nasmith, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage and Lady Marks

*Sannefer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**Court News:** After the rejoicing of the Silver Wedding, crowded days face Their Majesties from now until the middle of August, when the King and Queen hope as usual to leave for Balmoral. During these weeks the King is visiting agricultural shows in various parts of the country—a real pleasure to him. He is looking forward, as a farmer and exhibitor himself, especially to the "Royal," to be held this year at York, where Their Majesties will visit the grounds on Wednesday, July 7th.

Few people outside the farming community realise just how much the King is interested in agriculture, or how much he knows of the ways of domestic animals and arable land. Walking round the Home Farm at Windsor, much of which is run to-day on the same sound, far-sighted lines laid down by the Prince Consort soon after he married Victoria, is one of the King's favourite weekend relaxations, and he has a way of remembering all he hears on such tours, much to the surprise sometimes of those who take him on an official tour of an agricultural show. Other agricultural shows to be visited by the King and Queen are that of the Essex Agricultural Society at Orsett, Essex, on Wednesday, June 9th, and the Highland Show at Inverness on June 24th and 25th.

July will be a more than usually full month this year, with the two Palace garden-parties on the 8th and the 22nd, the King's visit to the passing-out parade at Sandhurst on the 14th, and the Birthday Honours List Investiture at Buckingham Palace on July 20th. Another July engagement to which the King is looking forward with more than usual interest is his visit with the Queen to the R.A.F. College at Cranwell on Tuesday,

July 6th, when he will present new colours to the College. His interest springs from the fact that Cranwell shares with the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth the honour of counting His Majesty among its "old boys."

What promises to be the biggest Royal film première of the season has been arranged for May 6th, when Their Majesties will visit the Odeon, Leicester Square, for the first performance of *Hamlet*, with Laurence Olivier as Hamlet and Jean Simmons as Ophelia. The Countess of Birkenhead is chairman of the première, which is being given in aid of the King George's Pension Fund.

EVERYONE has been very sad at having to say good-bye to the retiring Swiss Minister and Mme. Ruegger, who have now left for Switzerland, where he is shortly to take up his appointment of President of the International Red Cross. M. Ruegger, who has been here since 1944, has made many friends in London, where his quiet charm and sound counsel will be greatly missed. His attractive and vivacious Italian-born wife was one of the most popular hostesses of the Corps Diplomatique in London, so it was not surprising that a great crowd of friends wishing to say good-bye came to their farewell cocktail-party.

Among those I saw were the Earl and Countess of Cromer chatting to Mme. Ruegger's attractive daughter and her husband, the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong. Mrs. Watson-Armstrong told me she has now quite settled down in Northumberland and has become very interested in farming. The Earl of Onslow was accompanied by his tall wife, wearing a large red hat with her black dress. The French Ambassador had to leave early, as did Lord Courtauld-Thomson, The Netherlands Minister was accompanied by Mme. Verduynen, the Dominican Minister by Mme. Pastoriza. Tall and attractive Mme. Prebensen was chatting to her host,

while the young Marquess Townshend I noticed talking to the Greek Ambassador and several friends. Others at the party included the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, the Countess of Cavan, the Swiss Foreign Minister and Mme. Petitpierre, very chic in black, the Marchioness of Salisbury, Doreen Lady Brabourne, Brig. William Carr and his charming wife and pretty daughter, who has just left her finishing school at Oxford, Lady Crosfield, Mr. "Chips" Channon, and Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant.

As M. Ruegger's new appointment means much travelling for conferences all over the world, let us hope they may be returning to London from time to time, if only on short visits.

A FEW days later, M. and Mme. Ruegger gave a luncheon-party and dinner-party in honour of the Swiss Foreign Minister and Mme. Petitpierre. At the dinner their guests included our Foreign Minister, Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Jowitt, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Alexander, Sir John Monck, Mme. Weibel, Major Christopher Mayhew, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Mme. Weber, M. Escher, and Mr. Frank Roberts. The luncheon-party was a much smaller and more intimate affair, when the guests were Mr. Winston Churchill, who came alone, as Mrs. Churchill was not well; Lord and Lady Woolton, and the Hon. William and Mrs. Watson-Armstrong.

VISCOUNT DAVIDSON recently held an afternoon reception with other members of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, primarily with the idea of telling guests all about the Association and enrolling new members. For this you can enrol or send a donation to M.P.G.A., Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1. Lord Davidson gave a most interesting talk on the work of the Association, whose objects are to provide public open spaces, seats, benches, trees, flowers, and also to scrutinise Parliamentary legislation affecting open spaces.



A keen interest in the creation of rest gardens as a form of war memorial has developed in London and Greater London, and the Association is ready to advise and, where necessary, give financial help to church authorities anxious to convert churchyards into Gardens of Remembrance. During the past year they have given help and advice to, and prepared layout plans for, among others, Holy Trinity, Brompton; St. Christopher's, Hanwell; St. John's, Kensal Green; and the Garden of Remembrance in front of Kentish Town Parish Church, which H.M. Queen Mary opened recently.

Other sites which the Association have helped are St. Bartholomew the Great, where there is a lawn, flower-beds, crazy paving paths and, among other trees, a fine specimen of the Tree of Heaven. At Southwark Cathedral the garden is the scene of some experimental planting, where the Association's horticultural adviser has introduced such shrubs as fuchsia and rhododendrons, which are considered less hardy than the majority of trees and shrubs already used in City gardens.

Viscountess Davidson, whose father, the late Lord Dickinson of Painswick, took such an active interest in the Association, also spoke and told us about the London Children's Gardens Fund, which has now been taken over and is administered by the M.P.G.A. Their work almost ceased during the war but has now resumed, and at Great Sutton Street nearly forty children work voluntarily under supervision in their spare time, growing vegetables, which they take home to their parents. There were two of these youngsters at the party, full of enthusiasm about all they were growing in their allotments.

**S**ELDOM do we have the pleasure of listening to such an attractive artist as the Chilean singer Rosita Serrano, who has been over here on a brief visit to make some recordings of her songs. The night before she left for Chile, the Chilean Ambassador gave a small reception at the Embassy, when Senhora Serrano sang enchantingly in several languages, including one song in English. She not only has a beautiful voice, but is lovely to look at and a very clever actress. For several of her songs she accompanied herself on her guitar, for the others she was accompanied on the piano by Roudolph Spira.

I noticed she wore two small medals on her very chic evening dress. One of these was presented to her by the King of Sweden for her singing in that country, and the other was a Greek order, given for her singing in Greece. Enjoying these enchanting songs were Mme. Berckemeyer, in a short white brocade coat over her black dress, sitting with Mme. Pastoriza, while the Peruvian Ambassador, the Dominican Minister and the Argentine Ambassador, with his niece Señorita Maria Labougle, sat just behind. Mrs. Alistair Cameron, who had come up specially from the country to hear this clever artist, and was returning afterwards, was sitting with Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, great music-lovers too. Sir Bede Clifford and his

lovely wife were two others who told me they had come up especially from their home in Surrey. Mme. Subercaseaux, wife of the Counsellor of the Chilean Embassy, looking charming in a black evening dress with a cream fichu, helped the Ambassador look after his guests, as Mme. Bianchi was still away on the Continent.

Enjoying the delicious cold buffet supper afterwards I saw Sir Ronald and Lady Cross chatting to the Syrian Minister and Mme. al-Armanazi. Sir John and Lady Carden, the latter in a scarlet taffeta dress, were chatting to Major and Mrs. Howard Kerr. Princess Zeid El-Hussein, who told me she has been busy painting for a future exhibition, Mr. Henry Tiarks, the Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Chang, Baroness Bentinck, the lovely wife of the Minister Counsellor at the Netherlands Embassy, in white with her husband, the Venezuelan Ambassador, and Prince and Princess Galitzine were others enjoying this delightful evening.

**I** HAVE noticed at the spring collections this year that women have been concentrating much more than usual on what to choose for the summer, as not only has the "New Look" revolutionised last year's wardrobe, but there is still clothes rationing in this country and the problem of how to spend your coupons in the wisest manner has to be seriously considered. In the quiet grey salon in Grosvenor Street, where Molyneux showed one of the best collections he has ever created, as always beautiful in its simplicity but with a definitely new look, I saw Lady Charles, always one of the best-dressed wives in the Corps Diplomatique, Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Newtown Butler, who had come up from Leicestershire and was accompanied by her husband, Lady Bearstead, all in grey, Lady Huntingfield, who quickly placed her order at the close of the show, and Mrs. Bea Davis, who was looking very sunburnt, having only returned from the West Indies the previous day. Also looking at this collection were Mrs. Ronnie Gilbey, Frances Countess of Kimberley, Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Mrs. Robert Grimston and her daughter, Rose, and Miss Sara Birkin.

I saw another lovely collection of clothes in the fine mirrored showrooms of Norman Hartnell, who will soon be busy designing the clothes for H.M. the Queen to wear during the Royal tour of Australia and New Zealand. Among those who came to see Hartnell's new collection, which is definitely exciting with many new lines combined with some lovely materials and embroideries, were the Queen's Mistress of the Robes—the tall and good-looking Helen Duchess of Northumberland, who always dresses exquisitely, Lady Stewart-Clark, Mrs. John Pearson, a very chic member of the U.S. colony in London, Patricia Countess of Cottenham, the lovely Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson, who has to attend many City functions, where her husband is one of the leading aldermen, Lady Dawson of Penn, Lady Ivor Spencer-Churchill, Lady Mulleneux-Crayson, Lady Palmer and the Hon. Mrs. Sherman-Stonor, who spends a lot of her time looking after her family in the country.

**A**NGÈLE DÉLANGHE has created another beautiful collection of clothes perfect in all their detail, and among those who have been choosing clothes here are Lady Pamela Berry, the Earl of Birkenhead's very attractive sister, Countess Spencer, one of H.M. the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting, Lady Oliphant, always very chic, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, Mme. Verduynen, the tall and charming wife of the Netherlands Ambassador, Mrs. Reggie Sheffield and Lady d'Avigdor Goldsmid. There were many smart women watching the very good collection shown by Wallace, a comparative newcomer to the select circle of "Couture" in London. Here I found the Hon. Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and Countess Fitzwilliam, who both race a lot, tall and good-looking Mrs. Victor Seely, Lady Hollenden, Viscountess Allenby, up from Kent, pretty Mrs. Henry Tiarks, Lady Priscilla Aird and her sister, Lady Catherine Ramsden, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, good-looking Mrs. Hore-Belisha, and Lady Binney.

**E**VERYONE I have met who has been out in the West Indies this winter is full of praise for the Governor, Sir John Huggins, who is a very clever and intelligent man, as well as a keen cricketer and good speaker, and his charming wife, who works tremendously hard for the welfare of the women of the island, is a vivacious and brilliant hostess, and also finds time to play an excellent game of tennis.

Jamaica has never known a more social and crowded spring, and among others who have visited the island recently are King Leopold of Belgium and his lovely wife, who were met at the Palisades Airport by the Governor and Lady Huggins before they proceeded to a secluded villa at Shaw Park, the Marchioness of Linlithgow and her daughter, Lady Joan Hope, who came by sea and stayed at King's House, Lord Seymour, Lord Hazlerigg, Vice-Admiral Sir Ronald Hill, and Sir Lennox O'Reilly, who also came by sea. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate were out there with their daughter Virginia, and flew home in time to welcome home their tiny grandson and their daughter and son-in-law from Czechoslovakia. A delightful couple, Mr. and Mrs. J. Luttrell, went down for a few weeks from New York, and other American visitors to the island included Capt. Fletcher, of the U.S. Navy, who dined at King's House, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kinkaed, and Mr. and Mrs. Rembusch, of Indianapolis.



*The Hon. Mrs. Edward Carson, wife of the M.P. for the Isle of Thanet, who is running the flower stall at the Fair*



*Lady Bruntisfield, wife of Lord Bruntisfield, with Viscountess Torrington, whose husband is the tenth Viscount*



*Lady Dunbar-Nasmith, O.B.E., Deputy Superintendent-in-Chief of the Nursing Corps, with Mrs. Atlee*



*Mrs. F. G. Miles and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, elder daughter of the late Lord Hirst, who is deputy chairman*

### Workers for the St. John Exhibition and Fair Discuss Final Arrangements



# The Hambledon Hunt Point-to-Point



Lieut.-Cdr. N. Bailey's Nicely Disposed leading in the R.N. Polo Association and Hunt Club race



A group of spectators at this successful Hampshire meeting: Viscountess Cunningham, Miss Bramwell, Mrs. Durlacher, Admiral Viscount Cunningham, Miss Durlacher, Capt. Dick and Capt. Durlacher



Mr. and Mrs. McClean, with Mrs. Renner and her son, Mr. Renner.



Mrs. Philip Kerr, Mr. Richard Cave and Col. and Mrs. Salmon were also among the spectators



Mr. George Brine, who rode Irish Lady, talking to the owner, Miss Green.



Mrs. P. C. M. Duckworth with Capt. A. H. Wallis, R.N., in the car park



Mr. Craig-Harvey, jun., with Mr. Tom Faber and Mr. Craig-Harvey, sen.



Mr. and Mrs. Swetenham watching some of the entries parade



Major Abwyn Pelly, with Major J. Blake, Acting Master during the war



Mr. Kinsman and Miss Westmacott discussing the race-card in the paddock



# The Irish Lincolnshire at The Curragh



Mrs. Denis Daly, wife of Col. D. W. Daly, O.B.E., was a spectator at the famous County Kildare racecourse



Mrs. A. H. Watt, who came up from the South to see her horse, Langis Son, run, Mrs. D. Lysley and the Hon. Gerald Wellesley, Mrs. Watt's trainer



Mrs. Hubert M. Hartigan, wife of the Irish trainer, with Mr. Justice O'Byrne



Lt.-Col. A. S. Bellingham was another in the Members' Enclosure



Col. the Baron and Baroness de Robeck studying their cards before a race



Earl Fitzwilliam, just back from his trip to Africa, with Countess Fitzwilliam



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Frank Boylan, who are popular members of the Kildare Hunt



Fennell, Dublin  
Mr. D. More O'Ferrall with his wife, Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall



## New Forest Hunt Ball

Held at Brockenhurst, Hants



Some of the guests at this always very enjoyable Ball: Miss Pamela Hume, Capt. David Townsend-Rose, R.E., Miss Birte Quistgard, Mr. Colin Townsend-Rose, Miss Ann Norrington and Mr. Frederik Bull-Hansen



Also helping to celebrate a successful hunting season were Mr. M. MacEwan, Miss Cherry Curtis, Miss Alison Curtis and Mr. N. Farquharson



Lord and Lady Darling, who came over from Lyndhurst for the occasion



The Hon. Robin Warrender, Lord Bruntisfield's youngest son, Miss Philippa Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, Mr. Michael Hankinson and Miss Susan Pease



Lt.-Col. Angus Walker dancing with Mrs. B. M. Combe

Swabe

## The Lucifer Golfing Society Install



Lord Wardington, a former England golfer, is invested with his chain of office by the outgoing captain, Major A. Pemberton, at a dinner held at the Savoy



Lord Hacking with Lt.-Col. Lord Teviot, who is captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews



Sir William Gowers, the former Colonial Governor, talking to Lt.-Col. R. McCallum





Mr. George Malcolm Graham and Miss Elizabeth Oliver Thompson leaving for their honeymoon after their wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

## Wedded at St. Mark's



Guests at the reception: Mr. George Cherry-Downes, Miss J. Nielsen, Cdr. Bradshaw, R.N., and Mrs. Cherry-Downes



Mrs. C. D'Alton, Lady Ann Bowlby, daughter of the Earl of Wharnccliffe, and Major Charles D'Alton

## Their New Captain



Major Peter Roscoe, Capt. J. R. C. Cowan and Mr. L. H. Savill sharing a joke



Sir Denys Stocks, Legal Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture, Mr. H. Whale and Mr. E. F. Treen



Lt.-Col. P. C. Burton and Capt. W. Todd find the occasion prompts many golfing reminiscences

# Priscilla in Paris

## The Athletic Tragedians

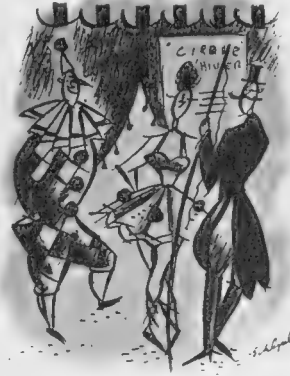
MOST people love a circus, and when that circus becomes the Annual Gala Performance of l'Union des Artistes, given to raise funds to help elderly members of "The Profession" who have fallen upon hard times, the huge Cirque d'Hiver is not big enough to contain all the would-be spectators. This year sees the eighteenth of these shows, which started in 1923 and were only interrupted by the war.

The Gala de l'Union starts at midnight, after the professional circus-folk have left the sawdust ring, the Saturday-evening crowd has gone home and the charladies have swept up the orange-peel and ice-cream containers. The circus is gorgeously decorated. Flowers surround the boxes where the loveliest *mondaines*, actresses and other celebrities are on view, wearing their most beautiful frocks and furs. Clusters and garlands of specially-installed lights illuminate the scene. It was at the Gala that Jaccopozzi tried out his first ideas of "flood" and "indirect" lighting twenty-five years ago, and I shall never forget the long-drawn-out gasp of admiration that greeted his innovation.

At this performance all the great stage and screen stars play unaccustomed parts. Actors from the Comédie Française appear as clowns, tumblers, acrobats, or in any other circus rôle. Operatic singers juggle, do conjuring tricks, or merely play the fool. Dancers sing or act. Dramatic actors become low comedians, and plucky young members of the Profession appear in acrobatic numbers which they have practised during long weeks for this occasion only.

THIS year André Luguet, who has just had such a success in Jean-Paul Sartre's new play (more of which next week—there is plenty of time to write about it, as it will play for long months), and who is president of the Union des Artistes, acted as ringmaster. He conducted the performance with great brio from the moment of the first entrance of all the handsome leading lads of the theatre, who marched round the ring playing the part of circus grooms to the stirring strains of an old Sousa march, to the last gay chorus that closed the proceedings at dawn, when those of us who were petrol-less rushed to the specially-chartered motor-buses waiting to take us home.

Not only was he ringmaster, but he amusingly mimed the part of a bewigged Beau during Rosine Luguet's thrilling tight-wire act for which she had trained, daily, for two months. It was an astonishing performance that needed both pluck and endurance. The Luguets belong to a long line of actors, but although Rosine's great-great-grandmama was a tight-wire dancer, I do not think it is to atavism alone that the young actress's successful achievement may be attributed. The two Luguets were recalled again and again, and it was with legitimate pride that André Luguet made his bow, not only to the audience but also to his daughter.



FERNAND GRAVET, who is starring in the greatest comedy hit of the year, *La Hutte*, which will probably be seen in London, performed an equestrian number and presented six horses *en liberté*. Laure Diana, the famous diseuse, and Jean Davy, of the Comédie Française, wearing the gorgeous velvets and plumes of seventeenth-century attire, appeared riding two spirited steeds *en haute école*, while pretty, fragile-looking little Dany Robin and Georges Marchal, one of the handsomest couples of the screen, went through an acrobatic and vaulting number on a barebacked horse that left us gasping. Happily, Noël-Noël, whom London has seen in *La Cage aux Rossignols*, was there with his gags and wisecracks to relieve the tension. When one thinks of the patience, the courage and the preparation such a performance takes, one must admit that these young people are real sports.

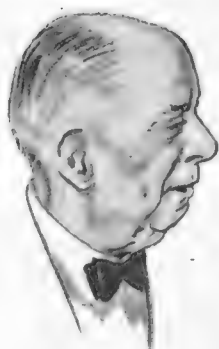
# Voilà!

● A famous and very wealthy artiste, who is as thrifty as she is elderly, engaged a young actor to accompany her on her tour of the provinces. Travelling first-class herself, she told him he was to go third. Next day she received the following note: "Madame, you must not waste your hard-earned money on me. I am sending you a friend of mine. He is willing to follow the train on his bicycle."



# "BLESS THE BRIDE"

is One Year Old



C. B. Cochran celebrated the first anniversary of his 126th production, "Bless the Bride," on Monday last. Various parties were arranged in celebration for the staff, the musicians, and for his personal friends and the players. This "Grand Old Man of the Theatre,"

as Sir Alan Herbert, the librettist of the show, called him in a curtain speech, is now seventy-six, and very fit once more after his illness of two years ago. Up to date over 500,000 people have seen this magnificent British reply to our exuberant imports of American musical successes



Lord "Tony" Vivian, C.B.'s friend and partner, has had a varied and fascinating career since leaving Eton. He has been a farmer in Canada, an airman and a dance-band leader, and has done most jobs in the theatre from call-boy, via press agent and

dramatic critic, to partner in production. Lord Vivian, who is the fifth baron, served with the Gunners during the war. He is married and has a son, Nicholas, and a daughter, Sally Ann, who is one of our more promising tennis starlets



"Hartie," the best-known figure behind any West End theatre bar, has so identified herself with the Adelphi stalls bar that it is known to players and playgoers alike as "Hartie's Bar." Among those invited to sample her skill as a dispenser of hospitality on Monday were

Vivian Ellis, composer of the play's hauntingly nostalgic music, the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, Sir Stephen and Lady Lytton Green, Lady Violet Astor, Martha Raye, Mae West, Carmen Miranda and the entire cast of the theatre

Georges Guétary sings "Ma Belle Marguerite"—the scene on Monday night, specially drawn for *The Tatler* by Youngman Carter







Youngman Carter





"... a midwife pursued ... by detectives" (with shade of the Prince Consort in distress)

## Standing By ...

**D**IMLY-LIGHTED concert halls enable many music-critics to sleep undetected, or alternatively to squeeze the women they bring with them. Hence we find the boys are not unanimously backing Auntie *Times's* critic in a recent cry—like Goethe, or was it Gertie?—for more light.

The argument that students want to read the score during a performance is not very convincing. Some time ago at a recital at the Royal Academy of Music we observed soft sidelong glances to be as prevalent as brows knitted over the César Franck Violin Sonata; for as the poet justly observes:

Not only Man's imperial Race, but they  
That wing the liquid Air, or swim the Sea,  
Or haunt the Desert, rush into the Flame,  
For Love is Lord of all, and is in all the Same.

In defence of music-critics, it should be remembered that in Fleet Street they occupy almost the humblest position—just above book-critics, the lowest of the low—and are objects of irritable contempt to all news-editors. Any respite they may snatch in a darkened concert hall is, therefore, explicable.

Charity is the cry, as ever. Put yourself in the critic's place, and if that turns out to be the alley we'll see you round at Joe's when the First Edition's gone. That all right with you, Joe? *What?*

### Faëry

**F**ROM a fascinating and all-too-brief news-item about a midwife pursued in her car by detectives and forced to fill in two mileage-forms every night henceforth we pluck one clear deduction. What a blushing Press used to call (rarely with accuracy) "an interesting condition" was evidently very far from interesting to those sleuths as they chased their fair obstetric quarry.

You ask why? Because Scotland Yard is not told the Facts of Life, by order of the Prince Consort. Inquisitive young detectives are fobbed off with stories from Hans Andersen. Wilful young detectives who sing songs making fun of storks:

Stork, stork, fly away,  
Stand not on one leg, I pray! (etc.)

—are smilingly scolded by the Chief Inspector of Faëry, who keeps the Facts of Life firmly under his (bowler) hat. After chasing midwives—a midwife is a wife of middling size, about 4 ft. 6 ins.—there is seed-cake for tea and singing-games.

This was the story about the Yard told us recently at bedtime by Ole-Luk-Oie under the big elder-tree in Vine Street; or maybe it was his twin brother, Ole-Soak-Oie, who is so frequently in the cooler that he thinks he is the

Snow Queen's little cousin Hjalmar. Good-night, children.

### Gifts

**A**FTER long consideration, that late fuss over the gaily-coloured parcels—apparently of barley-water—sent by the Polish (Red) Embassy to ten selected M.P.s the other day still seems to us too absurd, since these gifts were obviously a tribute of pure disinterested admiration from all at Portland Place.

Some sourpusses were even more sniffy in 1912 when certain Cabinet Ministers accepted a good "inside" Stock Exchange tip from a well-wisher who admired their frank, big open faces. As for the earlier case of Lord Chancellor Bacon, we agree with raging Baconians that Bacon was careless but not naughty, and took money-gifts but not bribes. The whole procedure must have been fraught for Bacon with courteous embarrassment from start to finish.

"For me?" (Start.)

"Yes."

"But really—!"

"Please! Just a little token of esteem from Mums, Dad, 'Curly,' Uncle Jim, and all at 'the Pines.'"

"One hardly—"

"Please!" (Finish.)

We never quarrel with the Baconians about this, we quarrel with them about (a) certain allegedly comic lines in Bacon's *Hamlet*, and (b) the lousy way Slogger Bacon tried to substitute induction for the syllogism, which is the mark—to be quite candid—of a cad, metaphysically speaking. Excuse damp glove.

### Pie

**A**N artistic chap carrying on about the Parthenon Frieze in the British Museum, and especially about the swift perfection of the horses therein, recalled the remark of the horsey authority who said "the slowest weed ever cast from a Newmarket string would gallop away from those quads before they'd run a furlong."

"Hackney-necks" was the sneering cry with this boy. It's not for the likes of us to butt into Sabretache's loose-box, so we will merely suggest that the Parthenon gees were never meant to be racehorses, and trip on gracefully with (or over) jingling spurs, remembering what a similar sourpuss said to our dear James ("Boss") Agate when Agate's first three-year-old filly, all air and fire, was exhibited—with what pride, what rapture!—by Boss Agate in a grey bowler at the Bakewell Show. Scrutinising the Agate filly in the paddock this critic said: "She'd look well in a pie."

And so, if it comes to that, would most West End leading ladies, as we pointed out to the

Boss when he became the doyen of drama-critics. This went down well at the Café Royal but less well at the Ivy, which shows that one should choose one's public, as Ruskin said when they threw him out of the Fox and Grapes.

### Hullabaloo

**A** THINKER implying that the B.B.C. came upon us quite suddenly, an unheralded blessing, was quite wrong, of course. Rabelais predicted this boon four hundred years ago.

As Pantagruel and his companions are sailing through the enchanted islands towards the manor of Messer Gaster, you recall, they hear strange noises in the sky. Presently a hail-storm of frozen words falls on deck, melting like lumps of ice and emitting peculiar sounds. "Hin, hin, hin, hin, ticque, tocque, taack, brededin, brededac, frr, frr, frrrr, bou, bou, bou, tric, trac, trrr, trrr, trrrrr. . . ." and so forth. One biggish lump when picked up explodes with a loud report "like that of Chestnuts when they are thrown into the Fire without being cut," terrifying everybody. Thus does Rabelais announce the Brains Trust, which has just resumed its useful toil.

You say something is missing and you are right. These falsetto giggles we know and love are a later interpolation, due—if one may hazard a polite guess—to hysteria. Blow up a paper-bag and burst it unexpectedly under the nose of your aged Aunt Fanny and you get the same effect. All set, Prof? Okay, Cedric, let 'em have it.

### Clanjamfry

**A** CHAP with a morbid taste for lawyers asks us what the six distinct and terrible breeds in Scotland, recently mentioned in this page with a passing shudder, may be.

Well, if Writers to His Majesty's Signet don't get you, Solicitors before the Supreme Courts will; and if they don't, Members of the Society of Procurators (in Glasgow known as "Writers," etc.) will; and if not they, then Enrolled Law Agents or—in Aberdeen—Members of the Society of Advocates, who must be distinguished carefully from Members of the Faculty of Advocates (Edinburgh), who are barristers and have hooded eyes. Hence the myriad neuroses of the Scots.

O stay at hame, my noble laird!

O stay at hame, my marrow!

My cruel brither will you betray

To the dowie houns o' Yarrow!

A dowie houn is a solicitor with a short curved beak, striking sideways. A marrow is a marrow.

The curse o' hell frae me sall ye bear,  
Mither, mither. . .

What an extraordinary home-life these people have.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



An artistic chap and a "hackney-neck"



# EMMWOOD'S WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (No. 16)

Travellers on Iron Horses should beware of this little bird's habit of swooping and pecking them savagely about the pocket



## The National Transport Turkey—or Shanks's Poni Plover

(Downgothshaers-Upgothfaers)

**ADULT MALE:** General colour above ruddy-fulvous, inclined to be ruddier when caught on the hop; heavily crested with ash-coloured feathers; beak bulbous and ruddy (see general colour); mandibles blue and heavy; neck feathers scraggy, having the appearance of being too large for the bird; body feathers sombre; shanks not often seen owing to the bird's fondness for wading dismally around in all verbose matter.

**HABITS:** This precious little member of the sub-order has been seen, though not often heard, around and about Westminster for a number of years. The bird is somewhat selfish and most predatory in its ways and habits: it will go to great lengths to deny a fair share of the profits to the more enterprising members of its species.

The Transport Turkey has a quaintly amusing little cry, a kind of "Thrailwaysaryors-Thrailwaysaryors"; it must, however, be admitted that its call is normally a true sign that the times are likely to be even worse than they may have been hitherto.

**HABITATS:** The Transport Turkey is now a perennial nester at Westminster and may often be seen running in and out of the many culs-de-sac which abound in that area. Though normally silent when roosting, the bird will, at times, ruffle its feathers and crow for hours: this latter occasion has the peculiar effect of inducing sleep in the other members of its sub-order: that is, of course, if they are not already roosting quietly on their own little benches.



A merry party at the Gresham: Behind, Mlle. Lacourt Grand Maison, Mr. R. Laidlaw and Mr. John Wylie. In front, Miss Hazel Judd, Mr. R. Smyth, Miss E. Judd and Mr. M. Carrill

## The Nine Arts Ball

A Dublin Diversion



Miss Wanda King-French, daughter of the President of the Dublin Stock Exchange, as a Dresden figure, and Miss Patsy Wauchope as Portia



Miss Chloe Bishop went as a Victorian lady, and Mr. J. Waterstone was a gentleman from old Vienna



Miss Neelia Plunket, elder daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, in the New Look, with Mr. Michael Pim



## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire

"CAN you bring your light to my people?"

This is said to be the message received from the Dalai Lama in Lhasa by a Mr. Fox, who is, I understand, in the British Political Service, and who is said to know Tibet like the back of his hand. It is further stated that, since getting this message, Mr. Fox has got busy with some water-turbine makers, who propose to take their contraptions by mule and yâk to Lhasa and start installing electric light in the Pota-la and elsewhere, in place of the kind of illumination to which the inhabitants have hitherto been accustomed. Lhasa is only 11,000 ft.; the approach from the Great Plateau is quite reasonable if you can find the Brahmaputra River in a good temper, which is not always the case.

This, however, is speaking of the comparatively easy part of the journey; it is getting over the passes and on to the Plateau that is the headache in more ways than one. This proposed expedition is rather up my street, because I have travelled The Road, and ever since I have had a cold shudder at the very mention of a hill. Things slip sometimes—a mile or so of road falling into 2000 ft. of rock and fir-trees; boulders as big as taxi-cabs hopping down like fleas, and the noise enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. I see it stated further in the "information" that no load may weigh more than a ton. If they are thinking of the gallant mule, 60 lbs. is his limit over these passes, and the yâk will lie down and die under much less.

If one who has had some may make a suggestion, why not planes to the north side of the Brahmaputra, and then pick up the loads with lorries, also taken by plane—if you can? I think the river has to be seriously considered. It swept away a lot of men and mules the first time we met it, and was wide, turbulent and dangerous. Planes are a possibility, and landing-grounds ought not to be a difficulty.

## Sharks' Teeth

THE exact altitude of the Siboo-La Pass, the first one you meet after having crawled up via Darjeeling (7000 ft.), Guntok (11,000 ft.), and so forth, I have forgotten, but I think it is only about 13,000 ft., which is nothing as heights go in these parts; but there is just one little snag, since for five miles at least, from the Indian side, the gradient is 1 ft. in 1½ ft. A hill syce leads the pony, while you hang on by his tail and do your best to pole yourself along with a khud-stick, or, as would be said in more civilised parts, an alpenstock. That is how most of us had to get up the infernal zigzag. The mule batteries go anywhere, but no part of a dismembered screw-gun weighs a ton. The Gnathu-La and the Jelap-La Passes, the former about 14,600 ft. to 15,000 ft., and the other, I think, nearly 16,000 ft., are alternative next fences, and there is snow on them even in mid-summer. Mont Blanc is only 15,780 ft. On The Road we touch 16,800 ft. and 17,000 ft.

Nice going for heavy machinery, and I am sure that the Dalai Lama had much better stick to his smelly little tail bhutties or oil-lamps, since an extra smell or two in Tibet makes no difference at all. The Tibetans, the Bhutanese and the Kashmiris (and in their case this also goes for the ladies with "pale hands pink-tipped") are the dirtiest and smelliest people in the wide world. However, this is nothing to do with toting turbines over the sharks' teeth, and is only mentioned for atmosphere.

After the passes comes the descent to the fairyland of the Chumbi Valley, which, in parts, could give points to even the Trossachs, and after the valley there is another bad bit all against the collar up to the great tableland with dismal and dirty Phari Fort at the southern entrance. That place makes you feel as if it were the abode of all the Demons; howling winds, the great range of snows ruled over by the presiding goddess, Chumalarhi (24,000 ft.), and the plain flat as a billiard-table and about as friendly as a railway-station waiting-room. I wish the transport column luck. It will need every available ounce of it.

## Have a Care!

WITH some recent painful experiences still fresh in our minds, let us hope that, in spite of the alluring prices which we see daily advertised, we shall not presume that the colt that wins The Guineas on the 28th is a stone-cold certainty for the Derby on June 2nd. Last year people were ready to bite you if you dared so much as to suggest that Tudor Minstrel would not come home alone at Epsom. I was one of the bitten, so I know, but in the end I was compelled against my convictions to believe that the gallop must have been right. Obviously it was not, and, equally obviously, the favourite's pulling so hard had nothing to do with his defeat. Gordon Richards had Tudor Minstrel's head in his lap going down to the Corner, and there was no doubt as to who was captain of the ship. The moment the horse was straightened he was done.

The same with Sir William Cooke's towering great colt, Happy Knight, in 1946. He made his Guineas opponents look like a lot of seaside Neddies. In the Derby he was quite innocuous, so I thought, more than half-a-mile from home. Then we must also remember Big Game. This year they are making My Babu favourite for the Guineas and the Derby. He may win the former, though frankly I do not believe that he will; but if he does his price for the Derby will, according to established custom, at once become something like 4 to 1 or perhaps 2 to 1, and we shall be told that it is all over bar the usual shouting. I suggest we do not think anything of the sort, in spite of his being just about the right size for Epsom, roughly 15'3, and almost impossible to fault.

Now for a little look-see: My Babu really had nothing behind him in the six-furlong Woodcote at Epsom in June; Delirium, a sprinter pure and simple, ran him to a dead-heat at Ascot (New Stakes); Masaka (hot favourite) was eased in the six-furlong Nell Gwynn Stakes at Epsom in August, and she was the trial horse, the only other runner being of no account at all, and in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster in September My Babu, then called Lerins, beat the then immature Pride of India by four lengths.

Pride of India, incidentally, is the Adonis of the whole fleet of them, and if you went by looks there would be nothing more to be said. Then he won the Craven unextended.

If you think the foregoing record good enough with which to go to town, you are quite entitled to your own opinion, but, even if topped by a win in The Guineas, I do not. There will probably be a "god out of the machine," and he might be either The Cobbler or Julian, who has had his winding-up gallops in public which, in my opinion, is a tremendous advantage. I am sure he is more than just useful. My Babu for the Derby, win or lose The Guineas—I doubt!



The winners in the Hounds Bitch Class:  
1, Traitress (Mr. Key), 2, Actress (Mrs. Markby), 3, Locket

## North Cornwall's

### A Pleasant Hunting



Lt.-Col. W. P. Brown, Master of the Stevenstone (centre), judging Capt. Hall's Dolphin and Mr. Kessel's Harper



Mrs. Whitehouse, holding David, discusses his points with Miss Elizabeth Whitehouse and Mrs. Hall

## BRIGGS—by Graham





## Scoreboard

THIS Wednesday, the Australian cricketers open, as always, at Worcester. A musical city. There Edward Elgar began; there the Severn murmurs an endless fugue to the reeds; there, if past form be maintained, an itinerant banjo will be whacking out *Harmonica Harry* as the spectators crowd into the cricket-field. Thick they should be pouring in, to see if the incomparable Don Bradman can keep his astral average, and if these Australian cricketers are but men.

While football, with unconscionable reluctance, dies, and cricket, with spring as herald and midwife, awaits its birth, your scribe snatched the days of interregnum for a tour to the West. Trains are friendlier places than of old. Travellers seem more aware that we are all, in every sense, bound one way.

Without preface they arrive at the intimacies of conversation, announcing to ready listeners how brother Jack has married a young lady whom none of the family has yet seen, how the clerks in the petroleum offices just don't care, and how beer is not worth drinking any more. An old gentleman in the knee-breeches of mid-Edwardian vintage talked of the return to the air of the Brains Trust, and how "those fellows always infuriate me, but I must listen to them." There was an exciting moment when an elderly lady passed our compartment smoking a briar pipe with obvious relish. "Perhaps," said the Brains-Truster, "it is the scarcity of cigarettes."

THE train rushed through Newbury, and I detached myself into memories of the International Rugby season. Why had England fared so badly? The forwards, I decided, were the trouble. All through, they were beaten at the hooking; and, when the ball did come out their side, there was no scrum-half remotely comparable to C. A. Kershaw or Arthur Young to save those precious two seconds and beat the marauding back-row.

They seemed smaller, too, less tough than the giants of old—Wakefield, Cove-Smith, Blakiston, Luddington Gardner, Voyce. Always, before, it had been the England forwards who built the victory. Now, they were just strugglers, barely

holding their own, or, as at Colombes, easily, almost insolently, brushed aside, set at naught. Pigmies? No; I must be growing old, living in the past. . . .

I WOKE at Taunton. There was the tower of the church behind the graveyard into which Lionel Palairet, just playing gracefully forward, had planted many a six. This side would be that perfect stretch of grass awaiting the start of Somerset; and the little pavilion with "the hen-roost" on top, where the ladies would soon be knitting, fiddling with tea-baskets, admiring the blue Quantocks, and, maybe, the profile of cover-point.

A pity, that the train could not divert down some imaginary track by Bishop's Lydeard, where the butcher every Sunday tried to out-sing the choir, past Combe Florey, slowly, to see what farmer J. C. White, most guileful of left-hand bowlers, was up to on his farm.



THIRD service of lunch. Cross-word. *The Times* is disposed to cross-references and obscurity. Sleep again. Newton Abbot. I drive in fancy up towards the Moor, for a chat with Mr. Pascoe, general dealer and talker, who keeps everything from Marmite to Marie Corelli. Mr. P. came down from Manchester as a young man, for his health. He wants to know if modern cricket can show a parallel to Hornby

and Barlow, Archie MacLaren and Mold. He doubts if we have orators to-day to compare with Mr. John Bright.

AND so to Tretheake, where the sands take a spin for the googly, and every creek is a smuggler's story. At Portloe, the cottages have chimney-guards, lest the wind blow the fire out of the window. Huge, nameless, stinking fish are hung ready to bait the lobsters. A small boy toils past carrying two crabs nearly as large as himself.

Behind the village rises, to the sky, plough done by horses with all the attributes of the chamois. This is the land of the ancient Britons, and of the immemorial up-and-downers with  
J o h n n y  
Frenchman.

*RC. Robertson Glasgow*

Dog Hounds Class winners: 1, Ragman (Mr. Saunders), 2, David (Mrs. Whitehouse), 3, Speaker (Mr. Beare)

## Champion Puppies

Occasion at Bodmin



Sir John Molesworth-St. Aubyn, who is the fourteenth baronet, with Capt. R. H. Hall, a former Master



Local hunt followers turned out in good force at the annual puppy judging of the North Cornwall Hunt, which took place at Tremear, St. Tudy, near Bodmin, the home of the Master, Major-Gen. E. G. W. W. Harrison. Here Mr. H. Bastard, Mrs. Markby and Mr. Chapman are seen with their entries



Ellis, Bodmin  
Three young enthusiasts undertake, with great confidence, the task of cheering up a decidedly disconsolate puppy



Pelham Crescent, South Kensington : by George Basevi



Park Crescent, Regent's Park : by John Nash

The Legacy of John Nash and his brother architects receives most attractively clear and simple exposition in *An Introduction to Regency Architecture*, by Paul Reilly (Art and Technics ; 10s. 6d.). The author's aim is to draw attention to the highlights of the style, but he does, in fact, also describe a remarkable amount of characteristic detail, and gives short biographies of the principal architects of the period. The photographs, two of which are reproduced above, are uniformly excellent

Elizabeth Bowen's

## Book Reviews

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA'S *Paris Herself Again* comes back again, *itself*, most happily. We owe the reappearance of this period piece—which a repetition of history makes, all the same, contemporary—to the Golden Galley Press. It is given a dashing format, the 1878-79 Sala columns as end-papers, and original lithograph illustrations by Victor Ross. This artist enchantingly hits off the George Augustus spirit. Price 21s. Inside the wrapper, I find the publishers' remark on their venture :

It is nearly seventy years since these papers were first published, in the form of daily despatches from Paris, in the *Daily Telegraph*. The Franco-Prussian War was over, and the city—celebrating with a Great Exhibition—was in truth "herself again."

Every man, it has been said, has two countries : his own and France. Sala—the prodigious, the colourful, the "Bohemian" George Augustus—most certainly had. So have all the old veterans of 1914-1918. So have all the new veterans of Dunkirk, of Caen and of the Normandy beaches. . . . To this legion of binationalists we offer this newly-presented edition of *Paris Herself Again* . . . your great-grandfather's Paris—the eternal Paris.

SALA, like all writers of gusto, seems to be inextricable from his own subject : we not only see his Paris, we see him seeing it. Reportage has streamlined itself considerably since his day—our young men record the most shattering scenes with an ever-delicate impressionism, and are accomplished stylists : they produce, accordingly, calculatedly *visual* prose. Sala, we find here, had his own more diffuse, rumbustious and omnivorous way of doing things—and why not ? He was a pioneer. He was, in fact, one of the first to specialise as a "special correspondent." Charles Dickens, while he was editing *Household Words*, provided the first opportunity : in 1856, at the end of the Crimean War, Sala was sent to Russia to write descriptive articles for Dickens's paper. (How, by the way, about republishing *those* ?) From November 1863 to December 1864 he reported the progress of the American Civil War, being a correspondent in the field. In 1866-67 he was in Italy with Garibaldi's army. In 1870 he wrote, from Paris, of the beginnings of the Franco-Prussian War. Apart from all this, his activities were diverse—he wrote novels, sketches, turned out gossip columns (which he himself successfully parodied in *Punch*), critical essays, monographs and a comic guide-book. Like so many other writers, he started life as a painter.

One of the five children of a charming, scatter-brained opera singer (*née* Henriette Simon), he was educated in Paris and grew up bilingual.

Paris, in fact, was in both his blood and his past. "I have," he was able to write in 1878, "known the French capital intimately for forty years. . . . I was in Paris during the revolution of 1848 ; during the *coup d'état* of 1851, when I nearly got shot ; during the Exhibition years of 1855 and 1867. I was in Paris on September 4th, 1870, when I nearly got murdered as a 'Prussian spy.' . . . I have lived for months together, in all parts of the city, over and over again. So if I do not know something about Paris now—I do not say that I know much—I shall not, I apprehend, ever know anything touching the city

which I have seen 'knocked into a cocked hat' over and over again—barricaded, bombarded, beleaguered, dragooned, and all but sacked, but which is now 'Paris Herself Again'—comelier, richer, gayer, more fascinating than ever."

Two traits in George Augustus are strongly marked : he detested his own compatriots (met abroad, that's to say) and he deplored change, as to the slightest detail, in the beloved scene. He should, by his own showing, know what the "herself-ness" of Paris was—and is. How well, how magically well, do these articles touch the nerve of the feeling with which some of us returned—this last time, after the Liberation ! How, indeed, like life as we know it now was George Augustus's arrival at the Gare du Nord to find himself in the heart of a total cab-strike—if you connected strikes with mechanised transport only, you were palpably wrong. "Only one-fifth of the vehicles ordinarily in circulation were out, it is said, yesterday ; and the police inspectors who generally show so much alacrity in jotting down the little faults of the cabmen, wandered about in a listless manner, with blank note-books and unused pencils."

HE writes of dinner in Paris, "Sunday in Paris, 'Paris cut to pieces'" (the ruthless obliteration of old streets in favour of modern roaring boulevards), the "dear old Palais Royal," Paris newspaper offices, markets, parks and passages—a particularly atmospheric and charming number, that last. "The Ghost of the Grisette" is saluted ; he sings the pleasures of "Palm Sunday on the Boulevard," "Easter Eggs and April Fishes," "High Holiday in the City" and "Gingerbread Fair." In George Augustus's company we go racing, and drive through the haunting late-autumn Bois.

Here, really, I think, is the climax of a non-stop romance, the love-story between a man and a city. . . . I should like to end as I have begun, with tribute to the Victor Ross illustrations. One touch of patronising "period" whimsicality could have been enough to ruin these : as it is, Mr. Ross has allowed his imagination to be saturated by Sala's Paris, and his romantic-satirical use of line and colour expresses the vision (for what else is it ?) marvellously. . . . *Paris Herself Again* will come to the Paris-lover as an assertion of faith. "Barricaded, bombarded, beleaguered, dragooned"—she has been through it, all over again, since Sala wrote. Now, her old and

### RECORD OF THE WEEK

FIRST performed in April 1868 in Bremen Cathedral, Brahms' *German Requiem* is now given its first complete recording. Brahms named the work thus, because he said he had written it for humanity as a whole. Taking the words from the Bible and the Apocrypha, he has included no direct prayer for the dead in it, as would have been done had he written a *Requiem Mass*.

Sung in German by the Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Wien, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Herbert von Karajan, seldom has a complete work been given such a magnificent all-round performance. The choir is excellent throughout, and the singing of "How lovely are thy dwellings" is exquisite. Both Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Hans Hotter produce from their solos work of genuine beauty and understanding of what, I am sure, the composer intended.

There are ten records in all, and while the most fastidious may find certain technical defects, they are so small in comparison with the magnitude of the performance as a whole as to disarm criticism.

This is an important recording ; it is inspiring and uplifting. (Columbia LX. 1055-1064.)

Robert Tredinnick.



endemic love of life for life's sake glows, again, through her present rigours and her anxieties. May we live to salute her return to her perfect form.

\* \* \*

WILLIAM SANSOM, one of our leading imaginative short-storyists, gives us a new collection—*Something Sweet, Something Terrible* (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.). My use of the word "imaginative" may seem vague; obviously, it requires imagination first to devise, then to write, any short story. All the same, I think that the story in which the imaginative element preponderates is to be distinguished from, and is to be judged apart from, the story which is a pretty direct transcript of what could easily have been normal everyday life.

In Mr. Sansom's earlier work, imagery and fantasy loomed large—they only did not run riot because he is an extremely controlled writer. He showed a strong, and for some readers occasionally alienating, trend to allegory. This time, in this new book, he can be seen to be making a marked attempt to focus his camera on reality.

For, it goes without saying, any artist is a walking camera—sometimes consciously, sometimes not, he is forever making exposures, then developing, in his internals, the results. As your reviewer, I can but warn you that you may still find some of Mr. Sansom's photographs—i.e., some of these stories in *Something Sweet, Something Terrible*—disconcertingly odd. He can take a promising, honest-to-God theme, such as a tripper or hiker looking down from a cliff, seeing a nice-looking girl sun-bathing in a cove beneath, and descending in order to investigate, and make out of it an apocalyptic nightmare, in which every kind of neurosis comes racing across the screen. "Thinking," in fact, "makes it so." (I refer to the second story, entitled "The Cliff.") I cannot, also, think of anything more unnerving than the second, hallucinatory episode in "The Little Fears," in which the "I" of the story, standing in a small public park blazing with roses, finds himself speed-encircled by a motor-cyclist roaring round and round and round the park railings. The fact is, that Mr. Sansom uncovers, remorselessly, the seeds of exactly such irrational, dreamlike dreads in us.

He can, as against this, summon up the fundamentals of humanity when he sets himself to the telling of a straight, fact-y story: the first in this book, a tale of two little girls, is a good example. And also, grim as the theme may be, there is an oddly convincing, domestic touch about "Various Temptations"—in which a plain, wistful, thoroughly nice girl handles, and all but masters, a sex-murderer. "Displaced Persons" is a Sickert-esque, sun-down scene in a pub; "Building Alive" is a Sunday morning V-I episode, from the N.F.S. angle; and in "Journey into Smoke" we have a nice, school-roomy anticlimax to the adventures of firemen coping with a blitz blaze in a toffee factory. "How Claes Died" is perhaps the finest here—a redemptionist's sublime, if practically futile, end, amongst the horrors of immediately post-war Germany.

There is one story for which I feel Mr. Sansom should be called to order—it is unpardonably and barrenly horrible. I mean, "The Little Room"—in which we have the last moments of a delinquent nun, walled up alive, to suffocate, under (hypothetical) twentieth-century conditions: electric light blazing on pretty pale-green walls, an instrument recording, from minute to minute, the approaching exhaustion, by the victim, of the last of the air. . . . This may be an allegory: even so, I find it to be an allegory we could do without—the writer, in this case, seems to abuse his art. Please, Mr. Sansom, do not do this again!



Lord Glengravy presents his compliments and hopes that you will favour enclosed with publication

A member of "The Writing Public" from *Hurrah for St. Trinians*, by Ronald Searle (Macdonald; 6s.), a rich hoard of the choicest Searle cartoons to date, with a foreword by D. B. Wyndham Lewis on his work

for Mr. Brooke's exceedingly sympathetic, ironic reserve. He is a wild-orchid enthusiast, reared in Kent-Sandgate-Folkestone in winter, the Elham valley in summer. *Orchis Militaris* flits like a marsh-light across these pages: I don't think I have ever found the nagging passion of a collector (whether botanist or otherwise) better described. An obsession about anything, a perpetual search for something, the inflaming rumour that it is to be found, the suspicion that it may be, all the

time, round the very next corner—what better could be the incentive to go on living?

My own uninformed passion for any kind of orchis—unjustified, even, by the knowledge that an orchis is a wild orchid—has gained ground. (Mr. Brooke's publishers, by the way, have in preparation a definitive work by him on British Wild Orchids.) But into *The Military Orchid* a whole lot more comes—we have early impressions of the (Sandgate) social scene; schooldays at a succession of different schools culminating in Bedales; and, in the final section, the author's pursuit of botanical human nature and the too-human flower while he was a private in the R.A.M.C. in Sicily and Italy.

We have, early on, Miss Trumpet, Edwardian *femme fatale manquée* of the Elham valley. We have a string of engagingly offhand observations on Christian Science, co-education, the twenties as a time in which to be adolescent, and other subjects. Comparatively few readers may be in the position to share my own pleasure in Mr. Brooke's dwelling on the topography of south-east Kent. Why, incidentally, did it take him so long to break out in the direction of Caesar's Camp; and why does he never have succeeded in getting properly out into Romney Marsh? On the subject of the moronic attitude of most fiction-writers and some poets to flowers, I could not more agree with him. . . . Don't miss *The Military Orchid*.

"A PUZZLE FOR PILGRIMS" (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.) is a good Patrick Quentin. The objectionable blonde encountered at a bull-fight in Mexico City—and enjoying it!—is soon, to everybody's satisfaction, dead. Not, one must fear, creditable British exports are the good-looking brother and sister who, linked by a sinister complicity, leave emotional devastation in their wake. These two were reared in Hertfordshire: their theme-song is a hymn—one nice American marriage (Mr. Quentin writes from the point of view of the American husband) is almost but not quite wrecked by them. Scene, Mexico; time, the present; plot, ingenious enough.



"... I claim the distinction of being the possessor of a record collection of rejection slips. If an article on such a subject would be acceptable might I...?"

Another literary type from Hurrah for St. Trinians

## Winifred Lewis

### ON Fashions

GLAMOUR, that overworked and sadly misrepresented term, had an evening out at the Savoy last week when the Jewellers Ball brought couturier and jewellery designer together to show that the relationship between dress and jewels is one which some of us have overlooked if we ever acknowledged it at all.

Top designers, Angèle Delanghe, Creed, Bianca Mosca, Hardy Amies and Mattli presented, between them, a parade of thirty-five models scintillating with their own glory, as much as with the jewels selected to complement designs, colours and textures.

The romantic trend in fashion has given a new stimulus to jewellery designers. Diminished waists, curving silhouettes and off-the-shoulder necklines are an irresistible challenge to produce again the important pieces suitable only with the period look.

Creed's lovely Empress Josephine evening gown, worn with a gigantic jewelled pendant, typified this trend. Bianca Mosca's grey wool suit with a cut-away coat offered the perfect foil for a large Georgian chatelaine suspended from the curved hip pocket.

Nipped waists have focused interest again upon belts and the flattened diaphragm of tight bodices invites important buckles, jewel studied or of cut steel.

Two stomachers were shown at the Ball: This interesting revival is, again, attributable to the current silhouette which, with its tendency towards the smooth, flat diaphragm, makes this brilliant ornament possible again.

In general, the trend is noticeably in the direction of larger jewellery, whether composed of precious stones or of the large and colourful semi-precious gems of the Victorian persuasion.

Divisible pieces are by far the most favoured. With the high cost and scarcity of jewels, this method, which makes it possible to divide one ornament into two, or even as many as four, separate pieces, gives an added all-purpose value.

Cartier's magnificent diamond and ruby necklace, seen at the ball, divides into two bracelets and two clips.

Bracelets are specially apt just now for sleeveless which end just below the elbow. Solid bracelets with a central medallion studded with gems are as much seen as the flexible type of diamonds or diamonds and pearls combined.

Edwardian dog-collars are back with the deeper décolleté, and huge drop earrings have returned with hairstyles which lift towards the crown, again showing the ears.

Jewellery designed exclusively to wear with country suits, with tweeds of delicate shading, is something very new. Semi-precious stones, the sardonyx, the agate, the jade and the amethyst, exquisitely named and delicately coloured, are fashioned into simple, beautiful ornaments made to accompany clothes which, by tradition, have always been deprived of ornament.





*Stanley-Smith — Curzon*

Mr. George Derek Stanley-Smith, of Grosvenor Square, London, W., married the Hon. Juliana Curzon, daughter of Viscount Scarsdale, of Kedleston, Derby, and of Mildred Viscountess Scarsdale, in London



*Aliaga-Kelly — Morgan-Grenville*

Mr. Christopher Michael Aliaga-Kelly, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Aliaga-Kelly, of St. James's Terrace, Dublin, Eire, married Miss Cynthia Avril Morgan-Grenville, daughter of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. T. and Mrs. Morgan-Grenville, of Wootton House, Wootton, Bedfordshire, at St. James's, Spanish Place

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



*Eastaugh — Palmer*

Canon Cyril Eastaugh, Vicar of St. John the Divine, Kennington, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilgress Eastaugh, married Lady Laura Palmer, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Selborne, of Temple Manor, Selborne, Hampshire, at St. Matthew's, Blackmoor, Hampshire



*Walker — Ferguson*

Mr. M. Walker, only son of Captain and Mrs. Ronald Walker, of Worksop, Notts., married Miss A. Ferguson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Ferguson, of Godalming, Surrey, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, W.



*Edge-Partington — Latham*

Lieut. Thomas Keppel Edge-Partington, younger son of the late Mr. T. W. Edge-Partington, and of Mrs. Edge-Partington, of Dolphin Court, Southsea, married Miss Mary Rosamond Latham, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. H. Latham, of Robin Post, Hailsham, at Our Lady of Ransome, Eastbourne



*Agnew — Welby-Everard*

Capt. James Agnew, Royal Marines, second son of Sir Andrew Agnew, C.B.E., and Lady Agnew, of Glenlee Park, New Galloway, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, married Miss Elizabeth Janet Welby-Everard, elder daughter of Capt. P. H. E. Welby-Everard, D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. Welby-Everard, of Gosberton House, Lincolnshire



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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman

**Major Gordon Shakespear, M.C., 2nd K.E. VII's. Own Gurkha Rifles, and Miss Jean Elizabeth Bernard, who are to be married in Bombay next November.** Major Shakespear is the second son of Major and Mrs. W. B. Shakespear, of Sirmoor, Fordingbridge, Hampshire, and Miss Bernard is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bernard, of Bombay



Hay Wrightson

**Miss Sheila Hiam and Lieut. Anthony Guy Woolley, R.N., who are to be married in the summer.** Lieut. Woolley is the elder son of the late Cdr. (S) J. F. Woolley, R.N., and of Mrs. Woolley, of North Hill, Launceston, Cornwall, and Miss Hiam is the elder daughter of the late Mr. R. Morton Hiam, and of Mrs. Hiam, of Rivermead Court, Hurlingham



Navana Vandyk

**Mr. Cyril Woodhouse King-Church and Miss Sheilaogh Beatrice MacGrath, who are to be married in August.** Mr. King-Church is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. King-Church, of Tannington Place, Woodbridge, Suffolk, and Miss MacGrath is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. MacGrath, of Bandanga, Cholo, Nyasaland





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Oliver Sturges

## on FLYING

MANY British engineers are planning to go to Paris for Air Commodore Rodwell Banks's lecture on May 12. He has prepared a remarkable paper for a remarkable occasion, for this will be the first Louis Blériot lecture.

It is being held by the *Association Française des Ingénieurs et Techniciens de l'Aéronautique* and is intended to be the most important technical event of the year in France—rather like our own Orville Wright lecture. British aviation is honoured by being asked to provide the first lecturer and I do not think that a better man could have been chosen than Air Commodore Banks.

In his position of Director-General of Engine Production and, later, of Director of Aero Engine Research and Development, Banks acquired a knowledge of advanced technical work which must be unique. I doubt if there is anybody else who could come near him as a guide to the latest British work.

The title of his paper is to be "The Art of the Aviation Engine" and I understand that he will present many new facts about the labour forces required and the man-hours needed in the building of the different kinds of turbojet, propjet and piston engines. Mr. Golovine has been responsible for ensuring that the technical translation has been accurate. This is one of the occasions when it is worth battling with the innumerable obstacles to travel abroad in order to get to Paris for the lecture. I certainly intend to go myself.

### Trams for Terminals

THE announcement the other day that there is a group, or club, or association, or society, or band, or league which devotes itself to the astonishing amusement of touring by tram, made me think of the possi-

bilities of trams for airport terminal communications.

Trains would probably be best if aircraft were a great deal bigger than they are. But a train carries several hundred, an aircraft only thirty or forty. So the train must wait for the landing of several aircraft before it can start. The motor coach carries about the right number of people; but is slow and uncomfortable.

There are two solutions. One is the construction of high-speed motor roads for the use of special high-speed motor coaches, and the other might be the construction of high-speed trams. As things go at present, however, I fear that the chances of the trial of any original or unconventional solution to air transport problems in this country are remote. We shall continue to rush through the air at great speeds and to waste all the time gained in the traffic jams caused by an obsolete road system on the ground. Gatwick Airport alone offers a better way, so it is good to see that it has been chosen for the Royal Aero Club's international rally later in the year.

### Those Certificates

ALTHOUGH there seem to be many more people than posts in aviation to-day, one often hears of jobs requiring skilled men which are difficult to fill. I heard the other day that the London Gliding Club is looking for a chief instructor. The right, appropriately qualified man seems difficult to find.

In the future these sort of posts are likely to prove yet more difficult to fill. We are becoming less and less a nation of airmen as the clubs decline and private flying disappears.

Pilots are now becoming highly trained specialists as remote from

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Mr. John Derry (right) who broke the 100 km. closed circuit speed record in a jet-propelled DH108 recently, talking to Mr. John Cunningham, also of de Havillands, before the attempt

the man in the street as the surgeon specialist. And the curious thing is that those who have the interests of aviation at heart are doing all they can to perpetuate those circumstances. They are always pressing for higher qualifications, more certificates, closer control.

I have sometimes thought of taking up active piloting again; but the mere thought of the regulations, the examinations, the certificates and the tests puts me off. It must also put off many young people who ought to be encouraged by all the means in our power to get into the air.

### Aerodromes and Docks

IT was good to see in the Parliamentary debate the other day that more than one member was criticizing the delay that occurs in handing over aerodromes that the R.A.F. no longer needs, for agricultural uses. All over the country aerodromes are abandoned by the R.A.F. and then left to grow thistles. There can be no reason for this sort of delay, yet criticism in the House—as usually happens nowadays—was sidetracked and received no satisfactory reply. So presumably a few hundred thousand acres will continue to be devoted to thistles.

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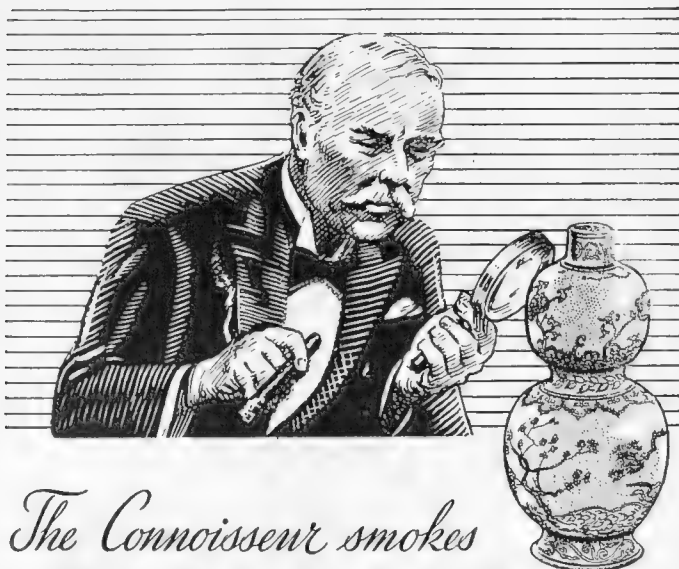
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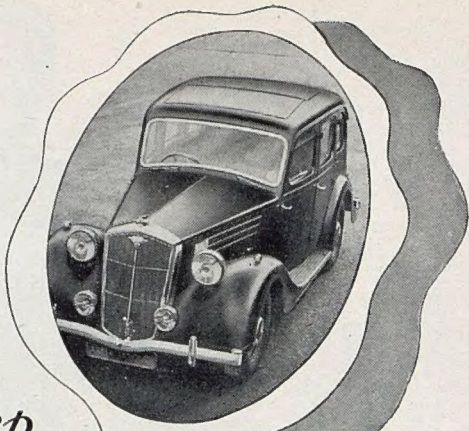
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